TWO VERY SINGULAR ADDRESSES TO THE People of *England*, &c.

TWO

VERY SINGULAR

ADDRESSES

TO THE

People of *England:*

Faithfully printed from the Originals,
'after performing a Quarantine of
'more than Forty Days.'

Interdum populus rectum *putat.*

HOR.

LONDON:

Printed for J. SCOTT at the *Black Swan* in *Pater-noſter-Row.*
MDCCLVII.

THE

St. *Giles*'s ADDRESS,

TO

A—— *S*—, Esq; *&c. &c. &c.*

" *Oh! save us, all!*
" *More, of More-Hall.*"

To A—— S—, *Esq*; Member of P—l——, *and all that.*—Sub-Governor, *and all that.*—L— of T—— *and all that.*—Secretary of *B*——*s, and all that.*—P——te of *I*——*d*'s own Brother, *and all that.*—Half Brother to the Bishop of *D*—*y, and all that.*—Owner of endless Sine-Cures and Pensions *(both at Home and Abroad) and all that.*—*&c. &c. &c.* In Secula Seculorum—though, without *Amen, or so be it.*

WE the Lamp-Lighters, Link-Boys, Dustmen, Chimney-Sweepers, Cinder-Sifters, Carmen, Porters, Shoe-Cleaners, Hackney-Coachmen, and

(late) Bruiſers of the ancient Corporation and County of the Town Palatinate of St. *Giles*'s, in the common Highway aſſembled (having no common Hall, like other Bodies Politic) moſt humbly beg Leave *not* to approach any royal Throne, at preſent, for certain Reaſons. But, keeping all due Diſtance, on Account of our ſeveral diſagreeable Profeſſions and Situations (many of us, by Reaſon of the very hard Times being unhappily without Breeches, Shoes, or Stockings) beg Leave to inform you (out of Sight, though, for the Reaſons aforeſaid) by this printed Paper, (our two *dirty* Repreſentatives having *clean* refuſed us the Office of delivering it in Writing, though fairly penn'd and well ſpelt by a very learned Exciſeman, who muſt be nameleſs; becauſe, forſooth, one *ſhines off* Shoes, and the other lights Lamps in and about a certain great Houſe in *Lincolns-Inn-Fields*) of the manifold Injuries and Diſtreſſes we endure, and have endured by a late Ad——n, which we dared not ſpeak, or give an Hint of before: As we are well convinced, by

paſt

paſt Inſtances of their Perſecution, that they, and their ſeveral *Com-Rogues* would have walk'd on Foot, ſat without Fires, pok'd their Way in the dark, clean'd their own Shoes, and carried their own Meſſages and Parcels themſelves, rather than let any of us get Bread by our ſeveral Profeſſions above-mentioned.—We therefore congratulate you on a Change of Men and Manners of courſe.—As we are well convinced No-body will ever tread in their Steps again.

THE Loſs of *Minorca* was a more fatal Stroke to us than the Game or Gin Acts, of very melancholy Memory! And, tho' *the Events of War are uncertain* (as it has been read to us by the nameleſs Exciſeman, from a printed Paper, which we always believe) we do ſtill imagine it might have been preſerved, had you, dread Sub-Governor, and Serene Sir! had *but half* the Management of it. By means of this Capture to the Enemy, many *Turkey* Merchants, who had us'd to have twenty Fires blazing at once, and of

courſe, ſo many Chimnies to ſweep, now are forced to do their Buſineſs at Coffee-Houſes, for Want of Money to buy Coals at Home. Their Wives call aloud for no Coaches, though their own are laid down, their Maid-Servants, which they never did before, ſift their own Cinders.—Their very Apprentices, when they croſs the Way, never pay the Link-Boy, but cry, like Courtiers, *another Time.*—And, their Porters carry the Letters and Meſſages, who uſed to ſtay in the Warehouſe; and, to our utter Ruin, pocket the Money themſelves.——All owing to the irreparable Loſs of *Minorca!*

We dread, moſt dreadful Sir and Sub-Governor! the longer Abode of foreign Mercenaries among us.—For, though they are Gentlemen and wear Swords and laced Hats, now; yet ſhould the Times alter, they may, rather than go Home again, and quit this delicious Country, turn to one or other of our Trades.—And we are now, too many to live comfortably.—Many Inhabitants of our ancient Palatinate having

having been choaked lately, and loſt their Lives, for Want of getting *honeſt* Bread.

We freely offer (ſay the ſeveral Drivers for themſelves) our Coaches and Carts to convey theſe Hirelings to the Sea Side; together with their Concubines, their Iſſue, and all other heavy Baggage, that ſhall, on Examination, be found to be their own, allowing for ſome little Miſtakes in borrowing or making free with ſuch Trifles, as a few *Handkerchiefs* of their Neighbours or moſt intimate Acquaintance, during a long Campaign, in this very ſtrange Country; where, merely, through Ignorance of the Laws, they did not ſuſpect that *Thieving* was *Theft*. And we hope, the hundred Colliers now unladen, will convey them juſt out of Sight, at leaſt; which will be ſome Satisfaction to the Kingdom in general, and us in particular: where old Admiral *Neptune*, for we are always Maſters of the Ocean, will be ready, and open his Arms to receive them; which will anſwer our

moſt

moſt eager Wiſhes for the reſt of their Voyage, and their Lives.

A ſtanding conſtitutional Militia, of good and *ſound* Conſtitutions, is what we alſo moſt earneſtly wiſh for, in the Room of a very *rotten* and tottering Army.—And we all! (particularly the Body of Chimney-Sweepers) think that thoſe Farmers and Tradeſmen, who have Fires of their own, will more naturally defend them, than a Set of People, who, when the Time comes would kindle a much greater perhaps, and burn all before them. So that no Chimnies would be left for the Knights of the moſt noble and ancient Order of the *Wooden* Shoe.

Our Taxes, dread Sir! are inſupportable; we are forced (a Circumſtance we hope you never knew) to eat Red Herrings for a Reliſher, as dry Salt is become ſo dear.—We talk in the dark, not having or being able to have any Candles: Nor dare we, like Foreigners, to borrow Things of our Neighbours, which needs

muſt

muſt come *to light*. The Soot falls down on our *very little* Dinners, for Want of being able to get our Chimnies ſwept.—The Lamps which Gentlemen pay the ſame Price for, as formerly, ſcarce burn till Midnight; though before the Loſs of *Minorca* we could light our Morning Pipes by them, when we went out to Work, which now coſts us very dear at the Alehouſe; where, by the great Price of Coals, we are forbid even to ſmell the Fire, till we pay for it. And when we aſk why theſe Things are ſo? the very Tankard-Carrier, cries aloud,—*Why, 'tis Cozz of Minny-Orkey.*

THE lean *Heſſian* Horſes are grown plump on our Hay and Corn, while our Coachmen and Carmen, as they ſay, and ſure they know what they feel, can ſcarce keep theirs alive, on Account of the Prices of thoſe two valuable Commodities.—In ſhort, with our new Miniſtry, new Treaſury, and new Admiralty, we (diſtantly) hope for new Treaſures, new Meaſures, and new Admirals; with

Ships

Ships under them that will go three Feet for one of the Enemy.—So as to overtake them, and take all that is in them, in Spite of ſuperior Numbers or Weight of Metal.

THE bringing one proper Offender to Juſtice, we ſee already done: But hope, no Peticoat or Borough Intereſt will change his Sentence, if he deſerves it.—Nor ſhall our Ladders be wanting (ſay the Lamp-Lighters) ſhort as they are, to bring them all to a *proper End.* For, by Faſtening ſeveral of them together, we ſhall be able to lift them as high as *Haman*; the Hiſtory of whom the nameleſs Exciſeman often reads to us by Day-light. We are ready in our ſeveral Stations to do our Duty againſt the common Enemy.—The Carmen and Coachmen will drive over all foreign Invaders, except *H——s* and *H—s.* The Chimney-Sweepers and Duſtmen will blind them and their Deſigns, with Clouds of Soot and Aſhes.—The Body of Lamp-Lighters and Link-Boys will, at the Peril of *their Lives and Fortunes,*

Fortunes, extinguiſh all their Lights, and leave them in the dark to ſhift for themſelves.—The whole Company of Porters will deliver their Letters to wrong Places. So that no kind of Invaſion can ſucceed while we are firm and guilty of no Evaſions, like a late M——y.—We alſo wiſh ſome better Method could be found for the Manning our Navy, than Preſſing Men by a Parcel of ſqueezing Conſtables; who, together with their Mightineſſes the Juſtices, when they are ſo gracious as to diſcharge them, charge the poor Wretches more than they can pay; and then uſe them ill for Want of more Money.

We wiſh you, dread Secretary and Lord! all thoſe Comforts we are robb'd of, by Means of an expenſive and unlucky War in the *Eaſt* and *Weſt Indies*,—— Spices, Rum, Tea, and Sugar, which our Wives will have twice a Day, good Fiſh and Fleſh; and Plenty of Oats for your young P——s Horſes, that he may be well drawn; and not drawn

ſide by worſe Beaſts, Beaſts of Prey, as his Royal G——r has been, and as is, too often the Fate of many honeſt and good-natured Men.

THOUGH we are only *Lodgers*, and cannot expect to be Houſekeepers in theſe ſtrange Times, yet we are equally concerned in the Event of Things. And as as we cannot appear Abroad, at leaſt at the Court End of the Town, for Want of Breeches and other Trifles, as they may ſeem to you, dread Sir! We truſt you will ſhew this to your r—l P——. And we further truſt, that he will carry it a Step higher; otherwiſe, with Hands and Faces unwaſhed, ſince the Loſs of *Minorca*, we muſt, ſome *Sunday* Morning, that being a Day of Leiſure, Safety, and Cleanlineſs, if ever at all, make a long Arm, and lay our Miſeries at the Feet of his moſt very gracious M——y!

Whom GOD *grant long to Reign.*

SEALED

SEALED with our Common Thumbs, for Want of a Common Seal, and given as our *poor* Opinion, this 1ſt Day of *February*, 1757.

Mark'd (not Sign'd) by

A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H,
&c. &c. &c.

Who, whenever we appear, can ſhew a Thouſand nay, perhaps ten Thouſand ſtrong.

THE

THE
Loyal *Iriſh* ADDRESS
OF THE
Kingdom of *Ireland*,
Its Ownſelf;
TO THE
Duke of, &c. &c. &c. &c. &c.

" *Out of thy own Mouth will I judge thee.*"

WE the whole Nation of the People of *Ireland*, not daring even to whiſper to one another in private, our many Griefs, Anxieties, and Diſtreſſes, beg Leave therefore, to ſpeak them aloud thus in Public. And having long waited at *Ring's End* for a contrary Wind, to no Purpoſe, to attend your

your Grace have now aſſembled ourſelves in a very ſmall Room, for Privacy, and, according to the excluſive Cuſtom of this Country, do it thus in Writing,—which we know will reach you, let the Wind be ever ſo unfavoural .

Our Troubles, inſupportable as they ſtill are, and may be, we ſtill bear with Eaſe, tho' we can bear them no longer, for the laſt ten Years paſt. And that we may not be ſtil'd Grumblers without Reaſon, we beg you will permit us by Way of Confuſion, to mention them in Order as they ought to ſtand,—one Thing following the other all at once.

The ruinous Condition of the College of the Univerſity of *Dublin*, tho' now entirely rebuilt, more immediately concerns your Grace, as C—— thereof. A College founded by Queen *Elizabeth*, —endowed by her,—and now repairing by her own ſweet Hands, almoſt two hundred Years ago.

The

THE Loſs of *Minorca*, lately by Nobody,—and our Liberties here, by Somebody are equal Jewels in our imperial Diadem. And we congratulate your Grace, as a Native of *England*, that a Native of the Kingdom of *Ireland*, did more than he could, to preſerve the former; as Nobody, neither of one Country or the other, ſtirred a ſingle Step to ſave and preſerve the latter.

BY being hindered the Exportation of Wool to any Part of the *Britiſh* Dominions except *France*, of which we read in every Act of Parliament, that your ——— is ſtill the *right* King, prevents us drinking Claret privately, here for leſs than a *Thirteen* a Bottle. Whereas in *London*, its own City, we hear they publickly pay a *Britiſh* Crown,—which makes us a little jealous and not without Reaſon, that they love the People of *France* more than we our ownſelves. A Lie we can always prove upon ourſelves, both Yeſter-

Yeſterday, To-day, -- nay, every Day, and all Night long.

ALWAYS conſcious of theſe perilous Times, and ever careleſs of promoting Manufactures and Pieces of Mechaniſm, we beg leave in theſe alarming Days, to ſend you an Alarum-clock, made by a very curious Native of this City, tho' formerly born in *London*. The Uſe of it is too inviſible not to be ſeen by more diſcerning Eyes than thoſe of your Grace.—For, as Dangers and Invaſions may happen at Midnight, when you are faſt aſleep; your Grace need but pull a ſmall String and you may wake yourſelf, whenever, and as often as you pleaſe,—in the Day-time.

WE hope a certain A——l, who ſhall be nameleſs, by Name Mr. *B—g*, may, if he deſerve it, be brought to that Shame his Actions will and have intitled him to, whenever he ſhall be employed again, which we hope a —— will prevent. —Being willing to overlook the firſt Fault, be-

cauſe he is not a Native of this Imperial Realm. We alſo beg, that all Betrayers of their Country here, may be marked, ſome one Way, and ſome another; and others with no Marks at all, the better to diſtinguiſh them from thoſe who ſeem to be Patriots, but are not ſo outwardly.

To encourage the Breed of Sheep and horned Cattle in this Imperial Kingdom, we beg the *Heſſian* Horſes may not be returned to their own Country, but ſent by Land-Carriage over Sea to us. We alſo hope your Grace will uſe your little Influence with a late M——y, to promote the opening and digging of Coal-Mines in this Nation, its ownſelf; that we, like our ever-glorious and prudent Anceſtors, may have the excluſive Trade ſtill of carrying Coals to *Newcaſtle*:—for 'tis our undoubted Right, and never was or will be diſputed!

We beg alſo a ſmall heavy Tax on Soap and Candles to be laid on us by our Parliament, to make it the ſurer:—That

we may not, like the People of *England* be plagued and dawb others, in making them ourſelves. We have ſome diſtant, though very faint Hopes of a Land-Tax alſo among us, though fear we are too preſumptuous to aſk it; that the Natives of this Country may not draw all the Ready-Money out of it, but leave a little Silver behind them, to prevent the Trouble of counterfeiting *Engliſh* Halfpence.

We ſhould not be ſorry to have the whole Houſe of Commons made Peers of; that, for the future, we may all be of one Mind in an Houſe. Nor ranſacked, as Nature ſeems to be by Honours of this kind in *England* and this Imperial Kingdom, they will want Beaſts for Supporters. The Aſs, the Vulture, the Fox, and the Viper not being uſed by any Nobleman out of our Knowledge.

To encourage Learning, we beg ſome more *Engliſh* Biſhops among us the firſt Opportunity, about the Equinox will be a proper Seaſon: As alſo Commiſſioners, &c.

&c. &c. &c. to teach us how to keep the Accounts of our own Duties. As alſo Leſſons of Manners, by making us know our Diſtance when we come near them: and that we may have the Pleaſure of ſeeing ſome of our Natives with Cloaths on, we humbly beg a dozen more *Engliſh* Regiments of two Battalions each, our Nation in general, and more particularly the Ladies admiring the Colour of Red Scarlet. At the ſame Time ſpeaking of Troops, we inform you with all Aſſurance, that we feel here, even in this Place, the heavy Weight of the foreign Troops in *England*; and beg they may be removed from us. Troops who hire themſelves out to let from the King of *G*—— *B*—— to the E—— of *H*——, are abſolutely againſt the Conſtitution of this Kingdom, and appear like common *Kerry Stones* in our Imperial Diadem, among a great many real and ineſtimable Jewels;—if we were but allowed to have a Crown of our own.

TIRED of ſeeing ſuch Variety of Strangers in this Government, we pri-

vately wiſh the K—g himſelf would come over to us, and be his own Lord Lieutenant. Not but that we expect great Things from the next Perſon, who went laſt away. Moſt of the preceding ones, who followed him, having been ungrateful and ungenerous enough, always to turn their Backs upon us, while they look'd us in the Face.

We further beg the Bounty on Linnen may be taken from us, as we rather get than loſe by it! for we have always obſerved, that in this Kingdom particularly, People are never ſo well pleaſed, as when they pay *Great Britain* a Balance.

Nothing could more raiſe our Spirits than the making all Speakers of the Houſe of Commons here, Peers immediately for the future, the Moment they are choſen. By which Means the Chair of that Houſe will always be filled by a Nobleman: The Words *my Lord* having a better Sound, than plain Mr. *Speaker*.

To make our Rivers navigable we alſo beg, that Mills may be built, not exceeding the Diſtance of a Mile from each other, with a particular Clauſe, to make the firſt and the laſt the neareſt together, according to the Cuſtom of our Country.

If we could ſay more we ſhould ſay much leſs! but we would recommend one Thing more to your Grace's Conſideration: Aſſaults on Peoples Perſons are grown ſo frequent here, that we beg ſome Law may paſs to prevent ſuch Injuries for the future; ſcarce a Week paſſing but People, without the leaſt Provocation, are beat by themſelves and others, till they often ſpit Blood out of their Ears and Eyes.

The Loſs of *Minorca*, and of courſe the *Levant* Trade, will, we fear raiſe the Price of Silk ſo much, that Nobody will be able to purchaſe or wear our Stuff Manufactures. A Law paſſed to make our Ladies wear no Gowns at all, we think would greatly

greatly encourage the Sale of *Iriſh* Stuffs and Poplins among ourſelves.

We beg more Divines to propagate the Goſpel in theſe foreign Parts! We beg more Abſentees to be among us! and we beg alſo, that Rewards and Puniſhments may be ſo diſtributed here, by ſome Law yet unheard of, as for Nobody guilty or innocent to eſcape unpuniſhed.

We hope the true Spirit of Gaming in this Country, has reached *England*, and that they will not be behind-hand with us in any ſuch Acts of Loyalty, and Greatneſs of Spirit; and we further truſt, that an Act may be paſſed, that all *Engliſh* B—ps, Commiſſioners, *&c.* who are ſuppoſed to be ſick and at *Bath*, always may be believed when they ſay ſo, without any Phyſicians or Apothecaries Affidavit to prove it.—Still paying a Deference to thoſe few of our Country, who never leave us nor ever deſire it.

We

We have a great deal more to ſay at preſent, and therefore ſhall ſay no more now. We hope alſo, that as the whole Kingdom have uttered their Griefs thus, that the ſeveral Counties will follow our Example. To-morrow is gone and Yeſterday is coming! Let us loſe no more Time, but the preſent. 'Tis not too late to ſave us, though we by our Conſtitution had rather ſave ourſelves.

Given under our Hands, having never learnt to write, by certain Marks we are ignorant of, but are uſed to. And ſealed with the Arms of the King's Imperial Kingdom of the City of *Dublin*, for Want of a proper Seal, or any Seal at all.

FINIS.